



AGE OF THE BEATLES

BY MOTO HAGIO

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THE AGE OF THE BEATLES

I was tone deaf.

A friend of mine, who had a perm despite it being banned at school, lent me the "Please Mr. Postman" EP.

I tried to learn how to play the song, but the harmonies on top of harmonies and phrases on top of phrases tightened my chest just from listening to them.

My father, who loved classical music, told me "When you grow up, you'll be surprised at how much you loved these stupid groups when you were a kid."

When the Beatles came to Japan, the news covered them, but it all felt like some kind of revolution happening in a far-off place. No one at my house cared about them at all.



When I was in high school, I met a group who had an electric guitar, which was a rarity at the time. I was playing Beatles songs in an amateur club, and they would talk deeply about the songs, saying things like: "The way this violin flows in the background is what's so amazing."

I was amazed at how sensitive their ears were. They also taught a friend and I about the soft, eastward sound in the background of "Here, There, and Everywhere."

We went our separate ways after graduation, but the things they taught me about the Beatles remained in my mind.

I wasn't really a good kid, nor was I a particularly good student, and I mildly rebelled against my school and my parents, escaping into my friends, books, manga, and the Beatles.

By the time I learned how to play "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" from the Abbey Road LP, the Beatles had broken up. I had believed they were a group that would continue on forever, so I was dumbstruck.

I thought it was some kind of mistake, and believed that they would eventually get back together.

After that, I watched many other groups come together and split apart, and eventually came to feel surprised at how a group of such powerful individuals were able to stay together for so long. I think the Beatles were one of the 60s' miracles, and that it was also a miracle that I had had the chance to grow up during their time.



On December 8, 1980,
John Lennon was shot and killed in New York. I thought it was
some kind of hoax, but all the channels and radio stations kept
saying the same thing. All the Beatle music I heard all around
town suddenly felt very sad.

I remembered how Takuro sang about how The Beatles
taught him things, and I thought...
"Yeah, they taught me a lot as well."

I read their biographies, went to see "A Hard Day's Night" and
"Help" without telling my parents, and listened to Revolver over
and over again at night, with the record player's volume turned
down low, wrapped up in my blankets.
That music was something real, and it intoxicated me.
Listening to it helped me to believe that there was
hope for myself as well.



Left:
Sitting in the
Rock, NYC,
before
moving



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